

# MY SWEETHEART'S COMING HOME.

Fred. Hoffmann.

*Scherzando gracioso.*

*mf*

1. What makes the world so  
2. A day a - go 'twas

*rit.*

*a tempo*

won - drous fair? The earth so green, the sky so blue. The  
dark as night; How long and drea - ry — seemed all time! But

*rall.*

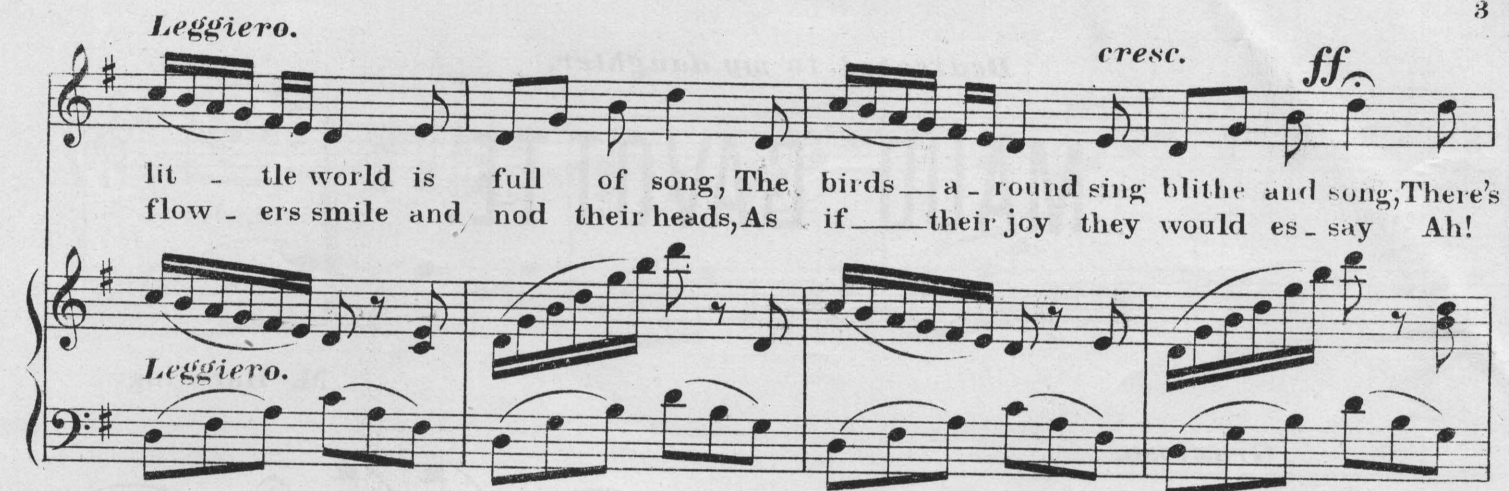
sweet - est sun - beams fill the air, Where once was all a dis - mal hue, My  
now the wait - ing's o'er all's bright; My heart is full of glad - est rhyme! The



*Leggiero.* *cresc.* *ff.*

lit - tle world is full of song, The birds — a - round sing blithe and song, There's  
flow - ers smile and nod their heads, As if — their joy they would es - say Ah!

*Leggiero.*



*mf* *p* *rall.*

mu - sic all the fields a - mong, My sweet - heart's com - ing home to - day. There's  
do they know? Yes they must know My " " " " " " " Ah!

*pp* *pp*



*a tempo.* *cresc.* *Largo.* *ff.*

mu - sic all the fields a - mong My sweet - heart's com - ing home to - day.  
do they know? Yes they must know My " " " " " " "

*Largo.*



*p* *dim.* *pp*

